



AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

THOMAS GREGG, EDITOR.

'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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ORIGINAL TALE.

For the Literary Cabinet and Olive Branch.

FIRST LOVE.

BY MRS. HESTER S. HAINES.

des ce meme jour
Le tendre hymen vint couronner l'amour;
Cette union dura tout leur vie;
Rien n'altera leur paisible bonheur,
Et notre oiseau, pres de sa bonne amie;
Convint enfin qu'on peut trouver un coeur.
FLORIAN.

It was a rough morning in March, 1800, that I was awakened by the sonorous voice of my uncle Robbins, enquiring for this and that of his travelling equipage; and venturing a sly glance from under the coverlet, concluded from the rapid movement of his waxen end, that he was mending a bridle, or other tackling for a journey, as his manner was. And, without turning his head, he called to me: "Come, up, up, Jensy; clap on scoop and coat, and tote your things into the carriage; and dont be there winking and blinking, if you expect to start with me to old Kentuck."

"Dear me, uncle," cried cousin Margaret, who was sitting in the corner of the spacious chimney, reading '*Zelia in the Desert*,' "is it not just as easy to say *Miss Jane—riding dress—and torpedo*, as to use such uncouth phrases? I should think one who had resided so long in the 'Athens of the West,' would, at least, when about to take a trip back, express himself in a more elegant diction."

"And, what is it to you, Miss Peggy Consequence, with more wit than common sense, seeing you are not *to get to go*?"—replied uncle, with an ironical smile. "And if you do not wish to come out after the same sort of order, *little girl*—mind what I say; for Bob has gone to *catch the hoses*, and *carry them* to water."

Fain would I have remonstrated against the unreasonableness of being in such a hurry; but knowing the resolutions of my uncle were as unalterable as the decrees of Ahasuerus, made all possible despatch. And long ere the sun had effected any impression on the frost, uncle Robbins and myself were on the road that leads from the Mad river country to

Cincinnati, drawn by two large sorrels, of great esteem in the family. The morning of the second day brought us to the banks of the Ohio.

"And is this you, Col. Robbins, beating back to the old *stomping ground*?"—inquired the owner of the ferry. "But I think we will have your company sometime ourselves; the river is impassable."

"The river impassable!" replied uncle, shaking hands with manifest pleasure. "You forget that I am one of the three first white men that set foot on the soil, except, perhaps, some scampering Frenchmen; and I have crossed the river at all stages on a raft. And now, with all your brave boys, boats, and spiked poles, must I remain on anxiety? Not by any means!—Come, my noble fellows—double wages, a dinner and treat, at Keneda's—Shall I drive in?"

The crew of a barge encamped on the beach, gave three cheers; and in a few moments, without regarding the entreaties of the ferryman, or the rushing of ice and drift, we were urging our way over the Ohio, as if life and death depended on our crossing. In spite of every exertion, we beat far down the stream, and when by the aid of the current, our boat came near shore, I watched an opportunity, and jumped to terra-firma. Uncle Robbins congratulated me on my escape; calling out,—"Now, my brave girl, hasten to the Stone Tavern, and order dinner. We will all be there before it's ready."

And, indeed they were, by the time the good landlady had circumnavigated the dining table, and brought fresh eggs from the barn. A more boisterously merry group never met or parted; my economical uncle bearing all expenses. So, thanking them for their *disinterested* exertions, and shaking hands with redoubled animation, assured them that by a cut through the woods, he could reach Arnold's that night,—bade farewell—reminding me to see that the hatchet, cords, nails, and splices, were all along, as in case of a break-down he might need them. And away again we went—up hill and through hollow, without much regard to ruts or fallen timber—uncle Robbins holding that it would tire horses more to twist and turn about, than to rush

over such obstacles. And, if his driving had hitherto resembled that of Jehu, he now went as if all the Indians left at the battle of Blue Licks were after him! Yet, sixty is not sixteen; and though the strength be as great to perform, the ability to endure is not equal. Sol verged to the west; we were evidently on no travelled road, nor near any human habitation, when I perceived the tone of uncle's voice to alter, and the reins to slacken in his hands. I feared he was about having an attack of the sick-head-ache, which in him was always accompanied with the most alarming symptoms; and not willing to trust longer to his driving, I jumped out of the carriage window, and was greeted by the chattering of parqunets, of which the trees were literally full, accompanied with the wild whistle of the Virginia nightingale. And, in the true spirit of a Kentucky girl, rather hoped for an adventure, while scrambling up hills, and riding on the box over creeks, than trembled at the loneliness of our situation. At length, with the cheering voice of recognition, uncle spoke to his horses; and making a short turn to the right, we suddenly emerged into a considerable clearing, with two large barns and a lowly cabin, around which there yet remained a few rails, of what appeared to have once been the fencing. Before this princely *establishment*, uncle stopped with his bald-sorrels, and looking earnestly in the carriage, murmured to himself—"Surely I started with her in the morning!"—and without uttering another word, or waiting for an explanation, he left the horses as they were, and dragging his great coat along with him, entered the house and sank exhausted before the fire. Every attempt to rouse him was in vain; and though with the assistance of two bare-footed, rosy-cheeked damsels, the sorrels were unharnessed—yet, how were they to be secured?—the barns, constructed of hewn logs, had never been finished, or doors cut out sufficiently high to permit their entering—and the *Hoosier* method of tying to saplings not then understood. A council of the whole was summoned, which consisted of a maiden lady called Miss Miriam, two children, and the girl above-mentioned. And it was concluded, that by chopping the ground away with the hatchet we brought with us—no suitable utensils of any

kind being found on the place—and bringing their bodies to an inclined plane, the poor weary creatures might possibly enter; but how they were to come out, or to be sustained while in, was not then considered, though food, or other vessel than a gourd, to bring water, belonged not to the domain.

These matters being arranged, we entered the cabin, where the merry hearted lasses carded and spun cotton most of the night; beguiling the time, like Mungo Park's black girls, with songs and jokes, and exhilarating draughts of water from the gourd, which was the only refreshment of any sort that I saw among them. The two little ones went quietly to bed, satisfied as I hoped, with a previous supper. The maiden lady, with a melancholy smile, invited me to repose by them, telling me not to be frightened should the bed fall in, which as the boards were rather short, she said frequently happened. Fatigue induced me to make the attempt; but from some awry movement among the clapboards, my first slumber was rudely broken, and not wishing my head again to come in contact with the puncheons, I determined to sit by the fire until morning; and resuming my station on the carriage cushion, surveyed with astonishment the situation of my entertainers. The entire furniture of the cabin consisted of the two bunks, the wheel and cards, a gourd, and an old razor blade;—yet infant innocence slept soundly—the lady uttered no complaints—and the girls were buoyant with health and spirits. Surely, thought I, the Deity has here given that cheerfulness of heart—that sunshine of the soul, which changes the dreariness of this wilderness into the garden of Eden!

"We may as well give over, Pop;" at length said the largest of the girls, as one of a pair of fowls roasting in the corner, proclaimed the approach of midnight. "We may as well give over. John will not be here to-night, with the wallet of meal, and these coals will all be lost;—the pullet's brother sneezes, and our cake is dough!"—and without further ado, flounced into bed. The lady now inquired how far we were going down road, and if she and the forsaken children of Alston McCallester could be accommodated with a seat in our carriage.

"These children! Can it be possible they are the children of Alston McCallester? Is he not of one of the first families of Virginia?—and his lady—was she not a great heiress?"

"We are often deceived by high sounding words, child," replied the maiden meekly. But as the night wears tediously, sit close by my knee, and I will tell thee a story of *East Lore*.—Nay, do not hesitate. The firelight will not reveal thy blushes, neither will I relate ought unfitting thy tender years to hear.

* * * "Alston McCallester, as you have said, ranked among those families who claimed descent from the proudest sons of the mother country. Martha Halston was a beauty whose family reckoned no superior on this side the great water. These two bright birds were early destined for each other, and neither pains nor expense spared to render them

brilliant luminaries of the western hemisphere. Even love, mostly contrary, in this instance seemed kindly to glide in with parental wishes; and Martha and Alston, without a cloud in their horizon, were the envy and admiration of all who knew them.

"But let no one call a fragile human being happy until he is dead—said a wise observer; and well may the maxim apply. For when and from whence we least dread it, the tempests of adversity arise and sweep away every vestige of expected happiness, and the visions of our bliss are dissolved like frost-work in the gleams of the morning. Alston and Martha verged into maturity. The time for the celebration of their nuptials was fixed for no distant period, and arrangements for house-keeping made by their provident parents when a blight came over their prospects, in the form of a young heiress from the South; whose person, superlatively beautiful, had every attraction that graceful decoration could bestow, and was only rivalled by the crimson roses of her cheeks, the sparkling lustre of her eyes, and the raven blackness of her profuse glossy ringlets. To these were added a voice resembling the softest tones of a lute, and a foot whose noiseless precision in the dance reminded one of the moonlight gambols of the Sylphs—while specimens of her varied accomplishments, were carelessly thrown to the view of dazzled strangers. True, her skin was dark,—and her conversation limited to a few monosyllables; but her piony-like cheek concealed the former, and her lack of sociability was ascribed to excessive timidity. Alston McCallester gazed on this combination of wonders, at first with surprise, and soon after, with that phrenzy of passion, for which in a rational being there is no accounting. Martha, his own lovely girl, who had all his esteem, and, he had thought, his whole heart, appeared no more in comparison than a blighted primrose. And she—did she reproach him? No. True to the noblest feelings of her sex, the heart that no longer owned her influence, she disdained to reclaim. And for her loved parents' sake, she firmly resolved neither should inward sorrow prey on her damask cheek, nor open murmurings ring the knell of departed happiness. The struggle was long and severe; yet Martha triumphed, as every woman might triumph in like circumstances, who with an unblemished purity of heart, can place a firm reliance on a more enduring source of felicity than the evanescent fountains of a present existence. Yes, Martha triumphed—not only when she saw her once loved Alston bow before the idol of a Southern breeze, but even when fettered with the chains of Hymen and carried a captive to Savannah, she murmured not a word. Who can express the gratitude of her parents at the amiable fortitude she evinced, or the ardent wishes of their hearts that such filial piety might not fail of a recompense! And Heaven did provide a rich reward, in the person of Arthur Warrington, a youth of extraordinary merit, whom nothing but Martha's devotion to McCallester, and total freedom from coquetry, had prevented his declaring

himself an ardent lover. But now every barrier was removed, he freely revealed his passion, and plead his suit in the most eloquent and persuasive manner. But the lovely girl would not be moved; her heart was too cold and sad to make a second choice. And as I gently chid, when she refused to ramble with Arthur among the flowering shrubs of her father's garden, she sighingly said: "Dear Aunt! you know we cannot love but once; and my first love, has it not vanished forever?"

"I am truly surprised to hear you express such sentiments, dear Patsy," I replied. "Even *une Tourterelle* would choose another mate, if wilfully forsaken."

It was early spring. We sat on a mossy bank inhaling the exhilarating breath of the Potomac, and listening to the moanings of a pair of beautiful doves, hid in an aspen above us. My feelings, arising from the association of ideas, and the pearly drops that chased each other down the pallid cheeks of Martha, restrained me from saying more. When the dear girl, perceiving the anxiety she had excited, took her guitar and plaintively sang:

Why dost thou mourn, sweet gentle dove?
Ah! why not cease thy melting strains?
Or dost thou teach that slighted love,
Is ever, ever to complain?

O, hush thee, timid *Tourterelle*!
Fly to some distant waving grove;
Where murmuring fountains softly swell,
And crystal streams thro' osiers rove.

But shouldst thou lose, with balmy wing,
Redeem my soul from sorrow's power,
Then will I wake each tuneful string,
And hail thee to my woodbine bower.

"As my niece concluded, Hannah, a colored woman, who had been her nurse, advanced towards us, and poutingly said:—"What my young mistress sing such woful song for? Sure me dream de nine knots for her last night, and see her true love court her in blue and silver. Come, look in your shoe, Miss Martha, see you no find some sign, since dis be the first turtle you hear coo in de Spring."

"Go away, Hannah; do not plague me just now," said Martha kindly.

"Why wont you please your old nurse, who tote you all your baby days, and just want to see her darlin' settled before she die?"

Hannah looked significantly at me. "Do, dear Martha, let Hannah have her way. You know she has told the fortune of more than one person." As I spoke nurse drew off the nankeen slipper of my niece. And, let philosophers say as they will, the human mind always inclines more or less to superstition; for, in spite of Martha's utmost endeavor, her quivering lip and marble brow evinced the interest the negress had excited, when she drew out a deep-blue thread covered with spangles. But her livid paleness was succeeded by crimson, as, with his hounds and servants, Arthur Warrington passed, in a suit of blue and superb silver buttons. And, Oh!—the power of impressions! In a few weeks Martha was the blooming bride of Arthur; and ere the turtle

cooed the next spring in the aspen, old Hannah, freed from bondage, sat in the woodbine bower, with his first-born son on her knee.

"But, what has become of Alston McCallester? Alas! poor, deluded young man! he sleeps with his fathers,—cruelly deceived, not only in the fortune and accomplishments of his wife, but even in her personal charms. He removed to the far west, that he might avoid his once-loved associates, whose every glance was a reproach to his wounded spirit. With seared heart, and broken fortune, he came to Kentucky, and plunged into every excess; purchased great estates, expended large sums in the sports of the turf, and commenced this improvement for a hunting residence. Eventually failing of all resources, he was taunted by the brother-in-law of his wife, who had imposed her on him. Stung to the soul, McCallester challenged him—and fell by his hand.

"Thus, in the morning and pride of manhood, ere his brilliant talents had reached perfection, Alston McCallester, who once promised to be an ornament to his country, 'died as a fool dieth.' His vain and silly wife immediately sent these poor little orphans to what she called his forest estates, and repaired south. But, in their destitution there was a heart that remembered them. Arthur Warrington, once the bosom friend of McCallester, with the approbation of his wife, has sent to adopt them as his own.

Our carriage meeting with an accident, I chose to remain until its return, with these deserted little ones, and then to convey them to a peaceful and happy home."

We parted with aunt Miriam at Georgetown, but understood that she arrived safe in Virginia with her interesting charge, whose deceptive and frivolous mother was never afterwards heard of.

SCIENCE AND ART.

HISTORY OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

CONCLUDED.

Their edition of the Bible was a beautiful one, and cost them 4,000 florins, before they had printed the twelfth sheet. It was five years in the press. Faust took a number of copies to Paris, selling them at first for 600 crowns a copy, the price commonly given to scribes for very elegant copies of the scriptures, when transcribed. He gradually reduced the price to 30 crowns. They were exact imitations of the best manuscripts, and the purchasers were ignorant, that they were printed, it being the interest of Faust to keep up this deception as long as possible.

As he lowered his prices, his sales increased and copies seemed with him in inexhaustible numbers. Paris was at first astonished, and then alarmed at the mysterious number, cheapness and uniformity of his Bibles. It was soon rumoured, that he was a magician, in league with the devil, though it might have seemed incredible, that the evil spirit would have given his aid in circulation of the Bible. This consideration did not screen him. He was accused of magic, and his lodging search-

ed by the officers of the police. Several Bibles were found, and the red ink, used to illuminate the capitals at the beginning of each chapter, was pronounced to be his blood. He fled for his life, avoiding the inevitable fate which, in those superstitious days, was reserved for those who were reputed to be necromancers.

Credulity caught the dark rumor; and the story of the Devil and Dr. Faust, translated into all the European languages, and circulated by the harmless necromancy of his invention, in various versions, bristled the hair of the populace over all Europe. The substance of the most commonly received version seems to have been this; that Faust entered into a contract with the devil, that the latter should aid the former to produce books as many and as rapidly, as the former could sell; in consideration, after a specified time, that the spirit of darkness should possess Faust, body and soul; that the contract on either part being faithfully performed, at the expiration of the stipulated period, Faust paid the consideration of his immense gains by resigning himself to the devil, who flew away with him into the air, scattering his limbs in all directions as he flew, and carrying his disembodied soul to his own infernal home.

This man whom perhaps a majority of the people of civilized Europe believed to have been carried off by the devil, was so celebrated for his beneficence and justice, as to have been called Gutman, or the good man.—Though Koster must be admitted to have the fairest claims to be considered the inventor of a crude sort of printing on wooden blocks, Faust, from the patronage which his wealth and respectability enabled him to afford to Schœffer and others, by whom the casting of types was brought to perfection, may be considered the second parent of printing, with claims, perhaps, as well founded as the first to honors, only a few years prior in time.

The kindred art of engraving had been known from time immemorial. The Jewish Scriptures speak of it as a well known art.—From Homer's magnificent description of the shield of Achilles, it is sufficiently obvious, that the art of engraving had been carried, at that time, to a high degree of perfection. It was known and practised to a certain extent by the Greeks and Romans. But the invention of printing afforded new incitements and facilities to improvement in this art, which continued to advance in a parallel march towards perfection with its sister art.

Stereotype printing has been generally attributed to the celebrated Didots of Paris, as the inventors. The British claim it as an invention of their artists. It is obvious, that it is no invention, but a mere return to the first principles of printing, only substituting solid blocks of metal for Koster's blocks of wood. Examples too numerous to cite can easily be produced of printers in various countries of Europe, who availed themselves of modes of printing, precisely like that of stereotype previous to the establishment of the Didots. But this grand establishment, by inventions of their own, carried this mode of printing to a per-

fection, which it had never before attained.—So accurate and so beautiful were their editions of even English books, that they were enabled to undersell British works of the same class in London.

William Caxton is revered as the patriarch of printing in England, having introduced the art into that country, about 1573. Leland and Worde were his successors. Printing was first practised in Paris by Gering, Crantz, and Friburger, about 1466. For nearly a century, the most beautiful and accurate printing in Europe was performed at Venice. Aldus Manatias, and Paulus his son, greatly contributed to this preeminence of Venice in the art, by the number, splendor, accuracy and learning of their Greek and Latin editions of the Classics. They stand at the head of the classical printers in the early periods of the art. They flourished between 1513 and 1574. The family of Etienne, or Stephens, transferred the preeminence of printing from Venice to France. Henry Stephens, the first of these distinguished men, was born in France in 1465; that is, not long after the invention of printing. Six or seven of the family succeeded each other, as printers of the highest order, rendering France in their time, the grand mart of European books. Robert, the second son of Henry, had the high honor of collating from various manuscripts, and preparing the text of the Greek Testament now in use. The learned Richard Bentley thus speaks of this edition. "The present text of the New Testament was first settled, (it is now more than 300 years since,) by Robert Stephens, a printer and bookseller at Paris, whose beautiful, and generally speaking accurate edition has since been counted the standard, and followed by all the rest." Probably, no one family have had their names inscribed, as the publishers, in so many editions of valuable and classical books as this.

Printing was introduced into Moscow in Russia, by Peter Timofioffom, in 1560; and at Goa in the Portuguese colonies, and at Manila in the Spanish possessions in the East Indies in 1580. Printing was introduced into Lima in South America, by the Spaniards, in the year 1590; and in Mexico in 1600. The first printing in our country was in Cambridge, Massachusetts, by Stephen Daye in 1639; in Boston by John Foster in 1674; and in Philadelphia, in 1689. The commencement of printing west of the Alleghany mountains was at Lexington, in Kentucky, by John Bradford, in 1786. The first printing press in Cincinnati was established by S. Freeman and Son in 1795.

Our plan prohibits farther details touching the improvement and progress of this art of arts. To say nothing of the immense extent of Printing in Europe, we have from 1600 to 1800 periodicals in the United States alone. Book publishing is extensively carried on in a great number of towns. The press groans under the burden, with which it is continually teeming; and if ages of darkness and decline are reserved for the future, as they have been for the past, it will be because literature will perish under an inundation of its own productions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTRACT

FROM MALEK, A DRAMATIC POEM;

BY GEO. W. THOMPSON.

"There is a time when sorrow on the soul
Hangs like a mort-cloth on the shrouded dead,
Deepening the darkness of death's mysteries
When the barb rankles in the quickest depths
Of the dark bosom and strange shapes come forth
From memory's pictured chamber to distort
And magnify our misery."

S. L. FAIRFIELD.

Oh! the curse of genius! 'tis an awful boon
Fatal to the high gifted sons of men;
And still we seek it—still fearlessly grasp
This lightning of the mind—and to perish—
Perish like the vain but Heav'n-lov'd Semele
In the blasting embrace of her lover God:
Thus we sink, the victims of our own power's;
The heart crumbling beneath wild passions sway,
And the keen writhing of the tortured brain.
Oh! 'tis hard to bear the utter agony
Which the strong spirit on itself inflicts—
Chain'd to the dust—'twould soar beyond the
skies;

Its life a day—'twould grasp eternal time;
The earth its home—'twould mount on tireless
wing

Beyond the high and blue empyrean,
Where strange sunsweep in wide & endless whirl,
Dust—'twould usurp Deity's ideal throne,
And, in ireful mood or fearful pastime
Launch the swift lightning, and on his blazing
track

Roll the red comet, show'ring disease and death;
Blot out the stars, leaving the skies a blank,
Robb'd of their rich and glorious garniture;
Crush worlds to dust, whose green hills and pure
vales

Are temples of solitude and silence,
Fit for the worship of the Hebrew's God:—
These are vain aspirations but they're past;
So let them sink with all forgotten things;
Let them fall as I soon shall—in silence;
For I have been a bann'd and cursed thing;
My Father's home has been a tyrants den,
And I the victim of capricious hate,
Writhing 'neath dark glances from those I lov'd;
Scorn'd, curs'd, condemn'd, as an erring spirit,
A daemon fall'n—something worse than man;
And I have borne this—suffered long and much
Till I have startled at the pow'r of agony,
When the mind waver'd—tremblingly pois'd
On the whirling gulph of wild insanity.
When all pride, passions, feelings, were consum'd
In the burning Hell of my madden'd mind.
And I did love them—they who scorn'd me thus
And trampled on my fresh, young affections;
Yes, I did love them—Hear me O Nature!
Thou didst form me of gentlest sympathies,
And I have ne'er transgressed thy mildest rule;
Ne'er refus'd th' homage to a parent due,
And bow'd submissive to their good or ill,
And they have spurned me from my native home;
Cast me forth to tread the earth alone,—
Scorch'd, consum'd, branded with a Fathers
curse:

A solitary wand'r'er soon to sink
Unknown—unwept, upon that barren strand,

O'erflooded by the sunless waves of death.

A Serpent appears.

Dark, sly, subtle foe of all our race, haste on!
Thou mak'st me feel the common lot of man,
And shrink back instinctively from thy course.
Glide on in thy path, terribly Beautiful!
Nor seek a new Paradise for thy wiles,
To work some fatal ill—some damning fall,
For thou wilt find this earth, this most fair world
Steep'd to the lips in bitterness and crime.
Mysterious, secret, subtle Being!
Whether our natures are averse to each,
Or th' influence of th' old fable thralls me,
I know not; but there is placed between us
An eternal barrier—a strong hate;
Bitter as death and fatal as thy fangs.
And thou art a mystery, even as man,—
At war with all things, and war'd on by all,
In the cultur'd field or in the desert plain;
Nor here yet ends thy brotherhood of soul,
Thou dark type and shadow of strange things!
Envy and terror assume thine attributes,
And from thee falsehood learn its serpent guile,
And dovelike innocence the Tempter's art;
And thy circling orb's the sign which binds
Two frail, changeful hearts in a feverish spell,
Which swiftly ends in madness or in grief;
In Hell, knotted vipers form the Furies Scourge,
And in Heav'n the eternal reign of Jove
Is thrown in type by thy malignant coil.
Dim shad'wy emblem of the subtle fiend,
Our enemy and the marrer of our fate!
Why dost thou disturb night's solitude,
And make thy home on the green mountain side?
Thy path should be in the palaces of kings;
In the council chambers of the nations,
Where policy weaves her snares of intrigue;
In the city, rank and fest'ring with vice,
In the chill vaults of the cemetery,
Where Death and Silence hold divided sway,
And vice and virtue mix in one dull mass.

The Serpent passes off.

Gone; as a sabre glancing thro' the dark—
As the smoky light fading from the rill—
As a gloomy guest from the banquet hall:
'Tis strange, at this hour so slight occasion.
Should call interdicted thoughts from their
haunts

In the deep recesses of the cavern'd brain;
But the mind ranges thro' all place and time,
Calling up tho'ts we would fain repress,
Passions which scorch'd the heart with agony,
Then left it in a sterile waste of ashes—
A barren, lifeless desert bearing naught
Save scorpion tho'ts, writhing in knotted folds,
Whose deadly hissings now alone are heard
In that solitude of mind—Oh! agony!
Speak to me from your clouds, spirits of wrath!
Or lift your voices in the strong tempest,
And reveal the secrets of your dark realm—
Your stern denunciation and most sure reply
Cannot inflict a deeper Hell than Doubt.
Still thou speak'st not, tho' once to my behest
Your mightiest (for such his port impli'd.)
Gave dim revealments in dubious words,
That death was the narrow bounds of all hopes,
All reaching tho'ts, desires, and high resolves:—
And is it so?—must we sink thus from life,
And like the ashes of the sacrifice,
From Heathen altar or the Levite's shri ne,

Be scatter'd to all the winds of Heaven?
Is then life but the wild experiment—
The vain trial of some pitiless demon,
To learn the might of suffer'ing dust may bear?
I would not perish thus—thus pass from life:
At least I'd stamp upon my fever'd clay
A token and a name—a sign to guard,
And save it from the perishable crowd;—
I'd live hereafter—if not as spirit,
Inhabiting a far happier sphere,
Watching the sun awaking a glad world,
Reposing on the arch of the rainbow;
Ling'ring at the purple gates of Evening;
Still, oh! still, I'd live in man's remembrance;
In the unassail'd chamber of his heart,
Where are garner'd all virtues and pure tho'ts,
Kind affections and loves, which are not names.
Hark! the blythe song of the mountain shepherd,
As he goes forth ere the Sun lights the East,
And to their scanty pastures drives his flocks.

Shepherd's song heard in the distance

He climbs the mountain steeps, roams the wood—
Views the dark cliffs of the Appenines,
Rich in the glare of the red volcano—
Gazes on Thee, my own, my lov'd Ocean!
In thy playfulness, fondling like a child;
In thy wrath heaving thy dark waves whose spray
Dashes like lightning on the crest of night;
Sees, feels, hears, endow'd with mind capacious,
If once its slumbering energies were rous'd,
And yet he wanders onward to the grave,
With naught to sadden o'er his song of joy,—
Without a doubt, suspicion, or suspense,
Of what awaits beyond the shades of death.

* Corpus mortale tumultus non tubit æthereos;
donisque jugalibus arsit.

Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

EARLY TIMES IN THE WEST.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD CAM-
PAIGNER.

THE BATTLE OF MISSISSINIWAY.

Friend G.—Recollecting the interest you appeared to take, a few months since, in my narrations of certain expeditions against the Indians in the West, and rencounters with them and their British allies, I now, in accordance with an account, as brief as possible, of the Battle of Mississiniway, which took place in the latter part of December, 1812. Though I cannot promise you a regular series of papers of this sort, yet you may call this No. 1,—for I shall communicate with you *occasionally*, as business may permit. And I hope these "Recollections" may prove of some interest to your readers, many of whom, it is probable, know far less of the battles fought upon the very ground on which they reside and enjoy the blessings of peace, than those of other countries and other times.

In the fall of 1812, while General Harrison was making vigorous preparations for invading Canada, and when his head quarters were at Piqua, Ohio, a body of his troops, amounting to between five and six hundred, was despatched to the Mississiniway, to destroy the villages at a point on that river where the hostile Indians were rapidly congregating.

This expedition was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of the 19th United States regiment, and consisted of a regiment of Kentucky Militia Dragoons, under Col. Simrall, a squadron of United States' Dragoons, under Major James V. Ball, Elliott's company of the 19th regiment Infantry, a company of Volunteer Riflemen, commanded by Captain Alexander, from Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and Captain James Butler's company of Pittsburgh Light Infantry.

A favorite species of warfare with our brave commander,—and one which promises greater success than any other in Indian warfare,—was rapid expeditions by mounted men, for the surprise of particular villages. On the present occasion, the whole force was tolerably well mounted, and marched from Dayton about the middle of December. Each man carried ten days' provision, and as much forage as he conveniently could. The ground was covered with snow, and the weather was extremely cold. On the evening of the third day, the expedition arrived within a few hours march of the nearest Indian village. Colonel Campbell counselled with his officers, and determined to proceed immediately against this village, and take it by surprise. In this movement however, he was not wholly successful; the Indians being made sensible of the approach of an enemy by the shouts of three or four imprudent soldiers as they entered the town. Many of the Indians plunged into the river, and thus escaped. Only eight or ten warriors were killed; forty prisoners were taken consisting of men, women and children. These were treated with humanity. The dragoons descended the river for a short distance, and found several villages deserted, which they destroyed. Having been now upwards of thirty hours on horseback, and being chilled with the severe cold, and much fatigued, they returned to the vicinity of the first village, and the whole detachment encamped on the bank of the Mississippi. The place of encampment was well chosen, and all proper measures were taken for defence.

Two hours before day, every man was up and under arms. An attack from the enemy was expected, as the sentinels reported that they had frequently seen Indians during the night, apparently reconnoitering their position. An hour and a half passed, however, without any such movement on the part of the Indians, and the officers were consulting on the propriety of marching against the principal village, which was ten or twelve miles down the river. But while they were thus engaged,—about half an hour before day-break,—the attack commenced, by a well directed fire against the guard commanded by Captain Pierce, of the Ohio troops. This gallant officer maintained his station with great bravery, until he was killed. At the fall of their captain his men gave way, and the Indians furiously attacked the line defended by Major Ball's squadron of United States' Dragoons. They here met with a reception which not a little disconcerted them. Their fire was now more scattering, but still annoyed the line

greatly. About day-light, several charges were made from the line, which completely routed the enemy, and determined the contest. The Indians, as usual, bore off as many of their dead and wounded as they could. They left only fifteen dead on the ground. Our troops though some of them were raw soldiers, behaved well during the whole action. Amongst the wounded were Captain Trotter, and Lieutenant Hedges, Basey, and Hickman; and amongst the killed was Lieutenant Waltz.—The entire number found dead at the close of the action, was eight; the wounded amounted to fifty, some of them severely, several of whom died afterwards.

Colonel Campbell having learned that Tecumseh, with a very large body of warriors, was on the Wabash at no great distance below him, and being encumbered with wounded and prisoners, thought it best not to remain long in his position; and accordingly, as soon as litters for the wounded could be constructed, the detachment commenced their return. The weather still continued very cold, and many were severely frost-bitten; and when they arrived at their quarters, one half of the detachment were unfit for duty, from sickness, fatigue and hunger.

I am always delighted when my memory reverts to this expedition. For, as great as were the bravery and perseverance of our troops, their humanity was greater. "It is with the sincerest pleasure," said the commander-in-chief, in the general order which he issued after the return of the troops, "that the most punctual obedience was paid to his orders in not only saving all the women and children, but in sparing all the warriors who ceased to resist; and that, even when vigorously attacked by the enemy, the claims of mercy prevailed over every sense of their own danger, and this heroic band respected the lives of their prisoners. Let an account of murdered innocence be opened in the records of heaven against our enemies alone. The American soldier will follow the example of his government—and the sword of the one will not be raised against the fallen and the helpless, *nor the gold of the other be paid for the scalps of a massacred enemy.*"

Such was the language of General Harrison. The direction of the arrow pointed in the concluding sentence, is obvious. It was richly merited by the infamous commanders of the British forces on our frontiers in those days. They disgraced alike their government and humanity.

FIRELOCK.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

He who weeps for every body soon loses his eyesight.

He who knows every thing is often deceived.

A wife causes the prosperity or the ruin of a house.

If your enemy is no bigger than a pismire, fancy him as large as an elephant.

A friend is more valuable than a relative.

He who fears God does not fear man.

Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.

EMINENT AMERICANS.

We are happy in finding a correspondent who can speak so warmly; and if justice and judgment shall be persevered in by each one, and if talent and genius shall be sought out there is reason for the belief, that our truly gifted men will meet with that fame which is their own peculiar reward; and moreover, that America will stand upon her own broad and deep foundations, respected and revered

Hartford Pearl.

RICHARD H. DANA.

THE day is fast passing by when Foreign Reviewers shall be allowed, with their characteristic virulence, to denounce the matter coming from the American press as trash; and we gladly bid it God speed. For long there has existed the vile spirit of fawning servility among us, to whatever bears an English stamp; too long have we cramped our minds, allowed our energies to lie dormant, by giving such slavish deference to the awful opinions of London critics. There is not rue born American, no true native spirit, who has determined to be a scholar, a man, and a patriot, who will not here give us aloud amen, and blush with honest indignation at the "cringing trade," so manifest among us, even in the editors of some of the best periodicals of our country. We say there are those who blush, and we dare rank ourselves among the number. How, we ask—and we ask it with meaning—how, if this spirit is allowed to exist, are we to establish a national literature? Who is to establish it? and on what foundation is it to be reared? Such questions should come home with powerful interest, to the hearts of all who desire their own good, and the glory of their country.

If, in reply to the above remarks, were solicited to furnish examples, of talent of genius really deserving notice in our country, and we point with a high feeling of complaisance, to Percival, Bryant, &c., and to the writer whose name stands at the head of this article, a man not universally known perhaps to every lover of a purely elevated and classical style, as he will be, and that to at no very distant period. Dana, though he has not written profusely, has notwithstanding produced some of the truest poetry of America. His pages generally display an intimate acquaintance with his art and ease of expression, an active observation, a knowledge of the heart, and an elevated and moral pathos, worthy of the highest commendation. We cannot forbear, here, though we intended only to make a few simple remarks respecting the man giving one quotation, where he approaches the inimitable sublime. The occasion is man's immortality, evinced in nature; and we do Coleridge no injustice, or any other poet, either side of the Atlantic, when we say they should be proud to call it theirs.

O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it around our souls; accord'g harps
By angel fingers touched, when th' mild stars

Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned
seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O, listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in the day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful
eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living Hand, and concious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

His writings, we admit, have not many such passages as the above, but still there is enough of glorious poetry and real excellence scattered indiscriminately over its pages, to set him in the foremost rank of native poets, and give him a strong claim to the admiration of those who succeed him. Were we seated to furnish a long and comprehensive survey of his genius, we could enumerate many other beauties and striking passages, and we would also point out some of his faults—for faults he has—and we trust we do not belong to that class, who commend without some little reflection at least. We should accuse him, in rare instances, of redundancy; and, in many, of bad versification; but this is out of our power at present, and we close with a simple request, that the reader will examine for himself: and if he cannot discover something in his writings just published, demanding more than we have allowed, we had better destroy our Colleges, burn our libraries, and counsel our men of genius to seek the plow and the shoe-beach.

JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

THE return of this distinguished novelist to his native country, after so long an absence, and the anticipatory pleasure his admirers have in his forth-coming work, 'The Headsman,' may add to the esteem in which he is held among us; and may warrant a brief notice of him.

Cooper is a native of New-Jersey, having been born in 1788, at Burlington, on the Delaware, where his father then resided, but from which the family soon afterwards removed. His father, William Cooper, was a native of Bucks county, Penn. and had been taught, and practised the trade of a cabinet maker, till his removal to the state of New York, where his acquisition of land and wealth procured him the acquisition of influence and of office: for he became a judge in his neighborhood, on the banks of the Otsego lake—graphically described by his son in his 'Pioneer.'

His early education was superintended by the Rev. M. Donald, of Cooperstown; but he was soon placed under the tuition of the present resident of Union College at Schenectady—preparatory to his being admitted into Yale College. Having passed through his studies there with credit he entered into the merchant service—and made some coast-

ing voyages, and it is said some foreign; but in what capacity, we have not ascertained.

The merchant service of the sea not being consonant to the ardency of his feeling or the emulation of his mind, he procured a warrant as midshipman in the navy; but it does not appear that he either rose or sought to rise higher; although it is evident that in that station he had rendered himself conversant with nautical science and subjects.

Disliking the inactive service consequent upon the peace of 1815, he returned home; and commenced his career of authorship—fortunately striking out for himself a new path to fame and profit; but unfortunately finding his first work, 'Precaution,' almost stillborn from the apathy of his countrymen—who did not notice it, till their sentiments were but the enfeebled echoes of transatlantic praises: for Britain first taught us to estimate the worth of our novelist, as she has since taught us properly to appreciate his afterworks; and shown our novelist how and why he failed in some of them. She received him with courtesy and treated him with candor; while we at first neglected or derided his early efforts, and have ridiculously lauded his latter.

'The Spy' followed; and much as it is now justly esteemed, the publisher at first found it almost a dead weight on his hands. But again the British critics perceived, acknowledged, and enforced the merits of this work also; and their decided commendation was decisive with us. We shall not enter into the respective merits of his works; but it may be interesting to know the order and time of the publication of each of his works. Thus Precaution was published the first, but date not known; 2d. The Spy was published in 1821; 3d, Pioneers, 1823; 4th, Pilot, 1824; 5th, Sir Lionel Lincoln, 1825; 6th, Last of the Mohicans, 1826; 7th, Prairie, 1827; 8th, Red Rover, 1828; 9th, Notes of a Travelling Bachelor, 1829; 10th, Wept-of-the-Wishton-wish, 1830; 11th, Water Witch, 1831; 12th, Bravo, 1832; 13th, Heidenmauer, 1832; and 14th, soon, 'The Headsman of Berne,' by Carey & Co. of this city. These works have been translated into most of the modern languages of Europe; and are welcomed into every library.

Mr. Cooper was formerly our Consul at Lyons, and lately our Charge d'Affairs at Paris.—*Philadelphia Sentinel*.

REPUBLICATIONS.—Slavish publishers are daily giving forth from their contaminated presses the vilest and most loathsome stuff, in the shape of novels, &c. &c. The only desire of these men is to gain pocket money, and they knew well they were pulling the right strings. They boast with Arion brazenness that they can sell five hundred republications to one American work; and that anything will be seized by the public that is English, however poorly written or printed—that one work of Bulwer's will out-cash any ten American author's, however voluminous; and that they can print an English work at a lower rate than an American—that they can get any work puffed by sending a copy to any

Editor; and that the public is so easily deceived, and so much love to be cheated, and to have its money filched, that they hazarded very little in republishing an English work however vile its contents—*Pearll*

BOOK OF NATURE.

GEOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF AFRICA.

Geology of the Atlas, or Northern region of Africa.—The northern division of Africa is principally characterized by the Atlas chain of mountain-ranges, on some of the loftiest points of which there is perpetual snow, which gives them a height of 12,000 to 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. In it then are rocks of the primitive class, as granite, gneiss, mica-slate, and clay-slate. Copper and lead mines, said to occur in the primitive parts of the range, were worked by the ancients in Morocco and Algiers, but are at present neglected; and the same is also the case with the antimony and tin said to have been discovered in these mountains. In Tunis, rock crystal, graphite, or black-lead, and also iron and galena, are met with in the same kinds of rock. Although in extensive mountainous ranges the older rocks, or those of a primature class, generally predominate, such according to travellers, is not the case with the Atlas, where the most extensive deposits are of a calcareous nature. This calcareous formation consists principally of secondary limestone, associated with deposits of sandstone. The limestone abounds with organic remains, as of shells, crabs, and even fishes; and it is said to be referable to the various limestones extending from the lias, or even the magnesian limestone, to chalk inclusive. Hence, in this limestone range, there are magnesian limestones, oolite limestones, bias limestones, Jura limestones, and soft limestones, resembling some kinds of chalk.

GEOLOGY OF THE DESART, OR ZAHARA REGION.—The Zahara region is eminently characterized by its vast desert of sand, the greatest and most frightful on the face of the earth. On the east it is founded by a rocky limestone wall to the west of the Nile, and a series of oases and desarts extending from Darfur to the Libyan Desert; on the north by a range of flat and interesting country along the southern foot of the Atlas chain: on the west by the ocean: and towards the south it ceases in about 15 deg. N. latitude, sloping gradually down to the fertile and well watered country of Bornou on the east, Houssa in the centre, and the regions to the westward of Timbuc too. Houssa and Bornou comprehend that region of Africa known by the name of Soudan, or Land of the Blacks. * * * *

Fulgurite and Meteoric Iron found in the Desart.—In some parts of the Desart, tubes of sand, resembling those found at Drigg, in Cumberland, and in different sandy districts on the continent of Europe, are met with. They are named *Fulgurites*, or lightning tubes, by the naturalist, and are supposed to be formed by the lightning striking through

the sand, and partially melting portions of it. Masses of *meteoric iron* also have been met with in the Desert. Golberry, in his journey through Western Africa, in the years 1805-7, mentions his having found a mass of meteoric iron in the Desert. Fragments of it were brought to Europe by Col. O'Harra, and were analyzed by Mr. Howard, who found it composed of ninety-six parts of iron and four of nickel.—*Jameson, Wilson, and Murray's Narrative*

LITERARY CABINET, AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

EDITED BY THOMAS GREGG.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

WANTED

One or two competent young men to obtain subscribers for the *Western Gem*. Liberal wages will be given, if application be made soon to the Editor of this paper.

NEW PAPER.—We have received the first and second numbers of a new Literary Journal published in Hudson, N. Y., entitled the *MAGNOLIA; or Literary Tablet*, edited by P. DEAN CARRIQUE. It is a neat super-royal octavo, issued semi-monthly, a One Dollar per annum, in advance—and is filled with useful and interesting matter. We wish it success.

THE PRESS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LECTURES ON SCHOOL-KEEPING. By SAMUEL R. HALL. Third edition. To which is added a Lecture on the construction of School-houses with a plan.—Boston: Richardson, Lord, and Holbrook. 1831.

This is a work which should be read by all who undertake the difficult task of rearing the tender thought, and teaching the young idea how to shoot. It is the work of a practical school teacher, and is a plain illustration of the principles of the science—in lectures delivered to young men who were qualifying themselves for the important business of teaching, under the author's care, at Andover, Mass.

OBSERVATIONS on the Professions, Literature, Manners, and Emigration, in the United States and Canada, made during a Residence there in 1832. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler.—New York: J. & J. Harper, 1833.

Of the Trollopean school of writers—in a tolerably good style, and containing many truths—more lies—and some few good anecdotes, told generally at the expense of our countrymen.

NOTICES OF PERIODICALS.

KNICKERBOCKER, or New York Monthly Magazine. Peabody & Co. New York.

TIMOTHY FLINT, author of 'Recollections of the Mississippi Valley;' 'History and Geography of the United States;' 'Lecture upon Natural History, Geology, &c.;' 'Art of Being Happy;' 'Francis Berrien;' 'Shoshonee Valley;' 'George Mason;' 'Arthur Clenning;' 'Life of Daniel Boone;' 'Pattie's Narrative;' and formerly Editor of the 'Western Monthly Review,' has assumed the Editorship of this Magazine. The number for October contains an excellent article on English travellers in America, in which the Trollopes, and Halls, and Stewarts, and Fidler, are handled as they deserve.

MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE, and Register of Inventions and Improvements. New York: Published by D. K. Minor.

The publisher of this magazine deserves well, and we trust, receives the encouragement of his countrymen. It is a most useful work for that class of people for whom it is intended—namely, the Mechanics, Farmers, and Working-men generally. Besides the *Mechanics Magazine*, he is also the publisher of the *New York Farmer*, the *American Railroad Journal*, and the *American Ploughboy*.

The number before us, for the perusal of which, we are indebted to the St. Clairsville Athenaeum, is filled with essays on Chemistry, Architecture, Manufactures, Railroads, Canals, &c. &c.—Published monthly, at Three Dollars per annum in advance.

THE BOOK OF NATURE; Embracing a condensed survey of the Animal Kingdom, &c. &c.—Monthly—Philadelphia: S. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

A dear work at Six Dollars a year;—each number containing about eight or nine plates of ornithology, conchology, entomology, zoology, and all the other *ologies*—with bare descriptions of the subjects, by an "association of scientific gentlemen of Philadelphia."

LITERARY JOURNAL. Providence, Rhode Island. Edited by Albert G. Greene, Esq. Super-royal quarto—Weekly—Price Three Dollars per annum.

This is a truly excellent paper for little Rhode Island. Its editor—who, by the way, is the author of '*Old Grimes*'—is a poet and a scholar of high standing among the literati of his native state. His paper contains many excellent articles translated from the French.

Literary Inquirer, Buffalo, N. Y.—Good.
Rochester Gem—Good.

The Kaleidoscope, Nashville, Tenn.—Well conducted and entertaining. Some of its numbers contain several interesting articles on Indian Antiquities.

The Spy in Philadelphia, and Spirit of the Age—A poor thing. Low wit and stale maxims and scurrility abound in its pages. Is this the spirit of the age?

Cincinnati Mirror—Weekly—Shreve and Gallagher have fulfilled their promises.

Western Shield, Cincinnati—We should presume this is the organ of the Theatres. Otherwise a very good paper.

Rural Repository, Hudson, N. Y.—Contains excellent miscellaneous reading; and deals, as it has done these ten years, in rebuses and conundrums. Here is one for the editor to solve:

Why is the *Rural Repository* like a pair of lovers?

Columbus Sentinel—At war with the Hemisphere.

Columbus Hemisphere—At war with the Sentinel.

State Journal—Sound. *Register*—Antimasonic. *Monitor*—Democratic.

LOVELL'S FOLLY.

A NOVEL—BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.
Hubbard & Edmands Publishers, Cincinnati.

We did not intend to dismiss this work with the brief notice which we took of it, two weeks since. But a friend who volunteered to give us a full and elaborate criticism of it, having disappointed us, we can only add to what we said of it before the following remarks by the editor of the *Gazette*.

The scene of this story is laid in New England. The incidents are all those of private life. Its moral, the causes of antipathy between the citizens of different sections of the union. The characters are well conceived, though not entirely original. They are well sustained, too, as somewhat high wrought pictures of frequent individual occurrences, and character. The southerners stand in the most favorable relief. It is composed in a single volume of 333 pages. From the commencement, is a tale of absorbing interest. The continued dew upon my glasses occasioned me great difficulty in perusing it. If every reader is thus affected, it will be awarding high praise to it. But, if otherwise, my own case will only evince mawkish sentiment or a vitiated taste.

The mechanical execution is very good. Fine paper, a new and very distinct type. The only complaint is against some sad typographical errors, most of which, however, it is easy for the reader to detect.—*Western Shield*.

THE LITERARY CABINET

And Western Olive Branch, is published once in two weeks, at one dollar per annum, payable in advance.

SELECTED POETRY.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Who is my neighbor? See him stand,
With sunken cheek and eye,
Where hunger shows the empty hand
Thy bounty can supply!
Look where the widowed mother pines,
For what thou wilt canst spare,
Where palsied age, in want reclines,
And see thy neighbor there!

Behold him in the stranger, thrown
Upon a foreign shore,
Who, homeless, friendless, and alone,
Is shivering at thy door!
Go meet him in thine enemy,
And good for evil pay,
And bear in mind, for such as he,
Thy Savior bid thee pray.

Go seek him in the dungeon's night,
And comfort there impart:
Implore the smile of heaven to light
That desolated heart.
Look where the son of Afric sighs
For rights enjoyed by thee;
He is thy neighbor! loose his ties
And set the captive free!

Columbia, favored of the skies!
How can thy banner wave,
While at thy feet thy neighbor lies
A crushed and fettered slave?
There is a blot among its stars:
A stain upon thy hand,
A mark upon thy face, that mars
The beauty of our land!

Thou noble tree of liberty,
Should not thy verdure fade
O'er him who would his neighbor see
Excluded from thy shade?
Did they who reared thee by their toil
Not will their fruit to be,
Alike, for all who tread thy soil,
A harvest sweet and free?

OH, GAZE UPON YON BRILLIANT STAR.

By E. C. Linden, Gent.

Oh, gaze upon yon brilliant star,
And give a thought to one;
Who, though in distant lands afar,
Will sigh for thee alone.
And thou wilt not forget the hours
Which we have spent together—
Moments like sunshine, 'mid the showers
That fall in wintry weather.

Oh, gaze upon its lovely light;
A cloud is gathering o'er it:
Our fortune was but now as bright,
And sorrows now obscure it.
But see, the cloud hath passed away,
It shines as bright as ever—
Farewell—I can no longer stay—
We part; but not forever.

STANZAS.

By George D. Prentice.

Yes, lady, thou wilt die. That lip of snow
And that pale brow foretell thy early lot—
The wing of death is o'er thee—thou wilt go
Where broken hearts and blighted flowers are
not.
Thou art too beautiful to linger where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away,
And the sweet sounds which wander on the air,
But swell the dirge of sorrow and decay.

Yes, thou wilt die. Thy spirit soon will leave
This dull, cold exile for its place on high,
And like a bright cloud on a silent eve,
Melt in the deeper glories of the sky;
Thy home will be where the blue skies are glassed
In softer streams, 'mid spring's undying bowers,
And where the winds of autumn never passed
Nor serpents writhed round passion's sweetest
flowers.

Ay, thou wilt die, and I shall linger here,
When all the blossoms of the heart are fled,
To muse on thee and mourn, with bitter tear,
The cold, the lost, the beautiful, the dead;
But, as life's stars in loneliness depart,
Thy memory still, amid the deepening gloom,
Will shine upon the ruins of my heart
Like a lone fire-fly on the midnight tomb.

ARABIAN POETRY.

(The following extract from a Lamentation for the death of a fallen chief of the Fezzan tribe, is given in the journal of the Travels of Denham and Clapperton. Ed.

Oh! trust not to the gun and the sword!
The spear of the unbelievers prevails!

Boo Khalloom, the good and the brave, has fallen!
Who shall now be safe?
Even as the moon among the little stars,
So was Boo Khalloom among men!
Where shall Fezzan now look for her protector?
Men hang their heads in sorrow, while women
wring their hands,
Rending the air with their cries!
As a shepherd is to his flock, so was Boo Khalloom
to Fezzan!

Give him songs! Give him music!
What words can equal his praise?
His heart was as large as the desert!
His coffers were like the overflowings from the udder
of the she camel,
Comforting and nourishing those around him!

Even as the flowers without rain perish in the
fields,
So will the Fezzaners droop:
For Boo Khalloom returns no more!

His body lies in the land of the heathen!
The poisoned arrow of the unbeliever prevails!

Oh! trust not to the gun and the sword!
The spear of the heathen conquers!
Boo Khalloom, the good and the brave, has fallen.
Who shall now be safe?

Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, 9 were born in Massachusetts; 8 in Virginia; 5 in Maryland; 4 in Connecticut; 4 in New Jersey; 4 in Pennsylvania; 4 in South Carolina; 3 in New York; 3 in Delaware; 2 in Rhode Island; 1 in Maine; 3 in Ireland; 2 in England; 2 in Scotland; and 1 in Wales.

21 were Attorneys, 10 Merchants, 4 Physicians, 3 Farmers, 1 Clergyman; 11 Printers, and 16 were men of fortune.

8 were graduates of Harvard College, 4 of Yale, 3 of New Jersey, 2 of Philadelphia, 2 of William and Mary, 3 of Cambridge, England, 2 of Edinburgh, and 1 of St. Omers.

At the time of their death, 5 were over 90 years of age; 7 between 80 and 90;—11 between 70 and 80;—12 between 60 and 70;—

11 between 50 and 60;—7 between 40 and 50;—1 died at the age of 27 and the age of two is uncertain.

At the time of signing the Declaration the average age of the members was 44 years.—They lived to the average age of more than 55 years and 10 months. The youngest member was Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, who was in his 27th year. He lived to the age of 51. The next youngest member was Thomas Lynch of the same State, who was also in his 27th year. He was cast away at sea in the Fall of 1776.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest member. He was in his 71st year when he signed the Declaration. He lived in 1790 and survived 16 of his younger brethren. Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, the next oldest member, was born in 1707 and died 1778.

Charles Carroll attained the greatest age, dying in his 96th year. William Ellery of R. I. died in his 93d year; and John Adams in his 91st.—*Exeter News Letter.*

Too good to be lost.—At a recent trial at Broome circuit, against two physicians, in a case of alleged mal-practice, the counsel, Mr. C. in speaking of the tardy calling of council of physicians, observed to the Jury, it was very like a *Coroner's Inquest*; and usually differed only in this—that one was just *before*, and the other just *after* the final catastrophe; and that the object of each was, not so much to ascertain what means might be left for restoring the patient, as to show that he *came fairly by his death.*—*Broome Republican.*

Proper Revenge.—We once heard a gentleman speaking to a friend of a man who had injured him. "But," said he, I won't get angry, for if I should"—"I suppose," said his friend, "you would chastise him."—"No, I would not flog him," said he, "but *I would let him alone most severely.*"—*N. H. Spectator.*

Proportions.—An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation—"My dear brethren, let me here tell you that I am now just half through with my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have had."—*N. B. Gaz.*

"May I be married, ma'am?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why ma'am, you know that the children never have seen any body married, and I thought it might please 'em."

TURKISH PROVERBS.

The heart is a child, it hopes what it wishes.

Although the tongue has no bones, it brakes bones.

He who rides a borrowed horse does not ride often.

More is learned by conversation than by reading.

G. D. Prentice was a great favorite with the Editor Thomas Gregg.